

Oxford County Advertiser.

VOL. 58. NEW SERIES XV.

NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1884.

NO. 27.

One Square (12 lines, 1 inch space) 1 week, \$1.00
Each continuation, 25 cts.
One Square, (one inch of space) per year, 7.00
Cards of thanks, obituary notices, resolutions, etc., 50 cts. per line, 7.00
advertising inserted at the established rates.
A liberal discount by the column or year.

-POWER JOB PRINTING

Of every kind and form neatly and promptly
done at this office at the Lowest Prices.

POETRY.

[Written for the Advertiser.]
The New School House.

A little back, from the village street,
Stands the new school house of eighty-three,
Just beyond the river crooks,
Shaded by many a stately tree.
Over its lawn of verdant green,
Gently the sunbeams often fall,
And fingers over the pleasant scene,
Breathing in glory the massive walls.
'Twas builded higher day by day,
All by the laboring hands of men,
Now as a monument strong and grand,
It stands in glory the massive walls.
This building ever by the hand,
Reared by wisdom's unerring hand,
Monuments never to fade away,
Those which will honor our native land.
Children first with their sparkling eyes,
Down in the basement seats and walls,
Youths and maidens may higher rise,
Thence of science and of debate.
Over the way from the village street,
Stands the new school house we proudly
But little life pervades the walls,
That stands in the storm unmoved alone.

South Paris, June, 1884. J. E. EMERSON.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT

Mary Moody Emerson.

[This paper was written by Ralph Waldo Emerson, interspersed with selections from Emerson's diary, and was published in the Boston Herald, several years ago, and it was found quickly that she knew all the books and many more, and made shrewd guesses at his character and possibilities, she would easily read his curiosity, as a person who could read his secret and tell him his fortune.

She delighted in success, in youth, in beauty, in genius, in manners. When she met a young person who interested her, she made herself acquainted and intimate with him or her at once, by sympathy, by flattery, by railery, by anecdotes, by wit, by rebuke, and stormed the castle. None but was attracted or piqued by her interest and wide acquaintance with books and with eminent names. She said she gave herself full swing in these sudden intimacies, for she knew she should disgust them soon. "Society is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attention on them. If her companions were dull, her impatience knew no bounds. She tired presently of dull conversations, and asked to be read to, or to see a visitor. "If the voice or the reading tired her, she would ask the friend if he or she would do an errand for her, or so dismiss them. If her companions were a little ambitious, and asked her opinions on books or matters on which she did not wish rude hands laid, she did not hesitate to stop the intruder with "How's your cat, Mrs. Tenner?"

From the country she writes to her sister in town, "You cannot help saying that my epistle is a striking specimen of egotism. To which I can only answer that, in the country, we converse so much more with ourselves, that we are almost led to forget everybody else. The very sound of your bells and the rattling of the carriages have a tendency to divert selfishness." "This seems a world rather of trying each other's dispositions than of enjoying each other's virtues."

She had the misfortune of spinning with a greater velocity than any of the others. She would enter into the chase or out of it, into the house or out of it, into the conversation, into the thought, into the character of the stranger—dismissing all the gradations by which he follows the steps; and though she might do very happily in the planet where others moved with the like velocity, she was offended here by the phlegm of all her fellow-creatures, and disgusted them by her impatience. She writes: "August, 1847. Vale. My oddities were never designedly affected of an uncalculating constitution, at first, then through isolation; and as to dress, from duty. To be singular of choice, without singular talents and virtues, is as ridiculous as ungrateful." "It is so universal with all classes to avoid contact with me that I blame none. The fact has generally increased piety and self-love." "As a traveler, I enter some fine places, and find all the doors closed, and he only allowed the use of some avenues and passages, so have I wandered from the cradle over the cabinets of social affections, or the cabinets of natural or moral philosophy, the recesses of ancient and modern lore. All say, 'Forth, forth to enter the pale of the initiated by birth, wealth, talents, and patronage. I submit with delight, for it is the echo of a decree from above; and from the high hedges where I get lodging, and from the rays which burst forth when the crowd are entering these noble saloons, whilst I stand in the doors, I get a pleasing vision, which is as earnest of the interminable skies where the mansions are prepared for the poor.'"

"I live to give pain rather than pleasure (the latter so delicious) seems the spider-like necessity of my being on earth, and I have gone on my way with joy, saying, 'Shall the clay interrogate?' But in every actual case, his hand, and we lose sight of the first necessity—here too small words red with default, in all great and grand and infinite aims, yet with intentions distinguished, though uncontrolled by proper reverence for others."

When Mrs. Thoreau called on her, she shut her eyes, and so conversed with her for a time. By and by she said, "Mrs. Thoreau, I don't know whether you have observed that my eyes are shut." "Yes, madam, I have observed it." "Perhaps you would like to know the reason?" "Yes, I should." "I don't like to see a person of your age, of such levity in her dress." "When her cherished favorite, E. H., was at the Vale, and had gone out to walk in the forest with Hannah, her niece, Aunt Mary feared they were lost, and found a man in the next house, and begged him to go and look for them. The man went, and returned, saying that he could not find them. He, and cry 'Elizabeth!' The man then told Mrs. H. She was highly offended, and exclaimed, 'God has given you a voice that you might use it in the service of your fellow-creatures. Go home, and call 'Elizabeth,' till you find them.' The man went, and immediately, and did as he was bid, and having found them apologized for calling thus, by telling what Miss Emerson had said to him.

When some ladies of my acquaintance, by an unusual chance, found themselves in her neighborhood and visited her, I told them that she was no while that every mouth could play on, but a quite classical instrument, a pibroch, for example, from which none but a native Highlander could draw music.

one day, wearing pink ribbons, she shut her eyes, and so conversed with her for a time. By and by she said, "Mrs. Thoreau, I don't know whether you have observed that my eyes are shut." "Yes, madam, I have observed it." "Perhaps you would like to know the reason?" "Yes, I should." "I don't like to see a person of your age, of such levity in her dress."

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She alludes to the early days of her solitude, sixty years afterwards, on her own farm in Maine, speaking sadly the thoughts suggested by the rich autumn landscape around her. "Ahl as I walked out this afternoon, so sad as I wearied Nature that I felt her whisper to me, 'Even these leaves you use to think my better emblem have lost their charm on me too, and I weary of my pilgrimages,—tired that I must again be clothed in the grandeur of winter, and anon be bedizened in flowers and cascades. Oh, if there be a power superior to me,—and that there is my own dead lights proclaim,—when will I let my lights go out, my tides cease to an eternal ebbs? Oh for transformation! I am not infinite, nor have I power or will, but bound and imprisoned, the tool of mind, even of the beings I feed and adorn. Vital, I feel not; not active, but passive, and cannot add the creatures which seem my progeny,—myself. But you are ingrate to life. 'Twas I who soiled your thorny childhood, though you knew me not, and you were placed in my most leafless waste. Yet I comforted them when going on the daily errand, fed them with my mallows on the first young day of bread falling. More, I led thee when thou knewest not a syllable of my active Cause, (any more than if it had been dead eternal matter) to that Cause; and from the solitary hearting thee to say, at first womanhood, Alive with God is enough,—his rapture.'"

She was addressed and offered marriage by a man of talents, education and good social position, whom she suspected. The proposal caused her to pause and think, but after consideration she refused it. I know not what grounds: a few allusions to her diary suggest that it was a religious one, and it is easy to see that she could hardly promise herself sympathy in her religious abandonment with any but a rarely-fused partner.

For years she had her bed made in the form of a coffin; and delighted herself with the discovery of the figure of a coffin made every evening on the sidewalk by the shadow of a church tower which adjoined the house.

Saladin caused his shroud to be made and carried it to battle as his standard. She made up her shroud, and death still refusing to come, and she thinking it a pity to let it lie idle, wore it as a night-gown, or a day-gown, nay, went out to ride in it, on horseback, in mountain roads, until it was worn out. Then she had another made up, and she never traveled without being provided for this dear and indispensable contingency, I believe, she wore out a great many.

"1833. I have given up, the last year, two, the hope of dying. In the low ebbs of health nothing is ominous; diet and exercise restore. So it seems best to get that very humbling business of insurance. I enter my dear sixty the last of this month. Her friends used to say to her, 'I wish you joy of the worm;' and when at last her release arrived, the event of her death had really such a comic tinge in the eyes of every one who knew her that her friends feared they might, at her funeral, not dare to look at each other, lest they should forget the serious proprieties of the hour.

their power and influence. She wished you to scorn to shine. She writes to her nephew Charles Emerson, in 1833, "I could never have imagined the garden. If I had been in aught but dreary deserts, I should have idolized my friends, despised the world and been lonely. I never expected connections and matrimony. My taste was formed in romance, and I knew I was not destined to please. I love God and his creation as I never else could. I scarcely feel the sympathies of this life enough to agitate the pool. This in general, one case or so excepted, and even this is a relation to God through you. 'Twas so in my happiest early days, when you were at my side.'"

She had many acquaintances among the notables of the time, and now and then, in her migrations from town to town, in Maine and Massachusetts, in search of a new boarding-place, discovered some preacher with sense or piety, or both. For on her arrival at any new home she was likely to stay first to the minister's house and pray his wife to take a board; and as the minister found quickly that she knew all the books and many more, and made shrewd guesses at his character and possibilities, she would easily read his curiosity, as a person who could read his secret and tell him his fortune.

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their own kitchen clock? Is it essential to the safety of every mackerel fisher that latitudes and longitudes should be astronomically ascertained; and so every banker, shopkeeper and wood-sawyer have a stake in the elevation of the moral code by saint and prophet. Very rightly, then, the Christian ages proceeding on a grand instinct have said: Faith alone, faith alone.

A Narrative.

BY ARTEMUS FELIX.

It was the custom of the early settlers of Rumford, Andover and vicinity, to get together their surplus produce such as they could spare and other products of their farms, and in the winter would haul them to Falmouth, now Portland, and exchange for groceries to take home. It used to take from a week to ten days to make the round trip and do the business. The roads like the country were rough and in such a condition that all hauling had to be done by the water.

The first store was built at Rumford, by Obidiah Kimball. As this was in the days of free rum no grocery store of ancient houses in Athens. Riffard speaks of finding the grain and ear of maize within the tomb of a mummy at Thebes in 1810. Some, like Corbett, claim that it is the corn of Scripture, and in support of the claim quote the following: "And it came to pass that He went through the cornfields on the Sabbath day; and his disciples, as they went, began to pluck the ears of corn." Again, from Leviticus, ii., 14: "And if thou offer a meat offering of thy first fruits unto the Lord, thou shalt offer for the meat offering of thy first fruits green ears of corn dried of full ears." Leviticus, xxiii., 14: "And ye shall eat neither bread nor parched corn, nor green ears, until the self same day that ye have brought and offering unto your God." Genesis xxii., 5' (concerning Pharaoh's second dream): "And he slept and dreamed the second time; and behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good. He watched it float away some ten rods or more and go into a jar of drift wood and ice. As it was nearly night and no one near to assist him in getting the run out of the river, he was obliged to drive on and leave it until the next day. During the night it cleared off very cold and froze hard. In the morning wind went out among the settlers of the accident, and it was not twenty men armed for the rescue of the rum. My father was summoned and no excuse would answer, he must go. On arriving at the place they found the "critter" where it lodged the night before, and after a protracted labor in cutting ice, etc., they finally succeeded in getting it safe on shore. Then it was a signal for a general assault upon the hoghead of rum. My father arrived with a gimlet soon succeeded in starting the exhilarating fluid, to the great satisfaction of the crowd (as such it was) and it was not long before the exhilarated spirits and faces testified to the effects of the contents of the hoghead. As soon as the hoghead was loaded and started the men fell in two abases and followed it to the store, its final resting place, and before they left for home their debts were all paid, and a happier crowd than that never separated.

John Adams used to do the principal teaming for this store and others during the winter, with a span of horses. At one time on his return home from Portland, there had been quite a thaw and the rivers had nearly filled their banks. When he got to Concord river bridge the water was up to the bridge; having quite a hill to go down the horses speeded up and went onto the bridge with a brisk trot, and when nearly on the middle of it the off runner cut down suddenly and tossed a hoghead of rum from the float into the river. He watched it float away some ten rods or more and go into a jar of drift wood and ice. As it was nearly night and no one near to assist him in getting the run out of the river, he was obliged to drive on and leave it until the next day. During the night it cleared off very cold and froze hard. In the morning wind went out among the settlers of the accident, and it was not twenty men armed for the rescue of the rum. My father was summoned and no excuse would answer, he must go. On arriving at the place they found the "critter" where it lodged the night before, and after a protracted labor in cutting ice, etc., they finally succeeded in getting it safe on shore. Then it was a signal for a general assault upon the hoghead of rum. My father arrived with a gimlet soon succeeded in starting the exhilarating fluid, to the great satisfaction of the crowd (as such it was) and it was not long before the exhilarated spirits and faces testified to the effects of the contents of the hoghead. As soon as the hoghead was loaded and started the men fell in two abases and followed it to the store, its final resting place, and before they left for home their debts were all paid, and a happier crowd than that never separated.

Old Fashioned Folks. Have any of my readers a real old fashioned aunt? One that says "Ile" for "oil" and "cheer" for "chair" and "afternoon" for "afternoon." If you have not, then I can boast of having what you have not.

Now were I to describe this dear, old Aunt, giving in detail one half of her peculiarities, you would scarcely credit the affection I feel for her, and would consider nine-tenths of it assumed, but not so I am truly proud of her. "Rich?" says one; "Royal blood?" says another.

"Neither," say I. Dear Aunt Phoebe is content to live, and do just as she was "larned" to do, and makes not the slightest effort to become as she terms it, modernized. Her kindness is natural, her manners simple and unfeigned, and she does her work to-day—what little she does—just as she did in her girlhood. Sometimes I say "Why don't you do as mother does, Auntie?"

"Because I want larnt to do work as Danks was. I am the oldest of thirteen children, and Danks—your marm—is the youngest. She—Danks—had notions and fiddle de dees put in her head, because your grandpa had more property to spend for her than he did when I was a gal. But I wouldn't change notions with her to-day. No, indeed, and the frill of her cap trembles with that 'no indeed' just as her old house, which she insists on living in, trembles in a violent thunder shower.

She sits by a tallow candle, and many a red nose does she cut from it in a single evening, for my Aunt Phoebe is a great knitter, and always puts one end of her right-hand needle in a knitting sheath while the other end snags so loud as to be heard in any part of the room. She says she is afraid of this "combustible" oil, that so many folks use, it does so much mischief. Dear old-fashioned Aunt Phoebe! how I love you, but your days are almost dead. Let us all who have such dear, old keepsakes in human form do all we can to make their last days their happiest. For in a few years the old fashioned folks will be known only in story, and our grandmothers will tell a story of their great Aunt with as much delight as did you and I a fairy tale, or an old time witch story. "That God may bless the old folks, and spare them yet many years to us is the desire of one that loves them all."—RHODA in the Leviston Journal.

Don't forget, my snobbish friend, that you have got to die just the same as the rest of us, and you can't bury yourself either.

When a man does drop out of sight in a great city, you not only never hear from him again, but you cannot even find the hole he fell through.

The Romance of Indian Corn.

Comparatively few even of those to whom corn is one of the most common of all objects, and who are in the habit of handling more or less of that noble grain every day, know how romantic a history it has. While there is no question as to its antiquity, there is much doubt about the place of its origin. It has been found in the tombs and ruins of South America, in the caves of Arizona, and in the mounds of Utah. The Smithsonian Institute has an ear of corn found in the tomb of a mummy near Arikup, Peru, and Darwin mentions the head of a stalk found imbedded in a sea-drift eighty-five feet above the level of the sea. Petrified stalks and ears were found, perfect in appearance, in working a stone quarry near La Prairie, in Illinois. In a neat and useful little manual, issued by J. C. Vaughan, it is said that those who claim Asia for the original home of the plant found in an ancient Chinese book in the Royal Library in Paris, and tell of the grain being found in cellars of ancient houses in Athens. Riffard speaks of finding the grain and ear of maize within the tomb of a mummy at Thebes in 1810. Some, like Corbett, claim that it is the corn of Scripture, and in support of the claim quote the following: "And it came to pass that He went through the cornfields on the Sabbath day; and his disciples, as they went, began to pluck the ears of corn." Again, from Leviticus, ii., 14: "And if thou offer a meat offering of thy first fruits unto the Lord, thou shalt offer for the meat offering of thy first fruits green ears of corn dried of full ears." Leviticus, xxiii., 14: "And ye shall eat neither bread nor parched corn, nor green ears, until the self same day that ye have brought and offering unto your God." Genesis xxii., 5' (concerning Pharaoh's second dream): "And he slept and dreamed the second time; and behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good. He watched it float away some ten rods or more and go into a jar of drift wood and ice. As it was nearly night and no one near to assist him in getting the run out of the river, he was obliged to drive on and leave it until the next day. During the night it cleared off very cold and froze hard. In the morning wind went out among the settlers of the accident, and it was not twenty men armed for the rescue of the rum. My father was summoned and no excuse would answer, he must go. On arriving at the place they found the "critter" where it lodged the night before, and after a protracted labor in cutting ice, etc., they finally succeeded in getting it safe on shore. Then it was a signal for a general assault upon the hoghead of rum. My father arrived with a gimlet soon succeeded in starting the exhilarating fluid

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FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1884.

[Entered as Second Class mail matter.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
Millinery—M. E. Crockett.
Horse Shoeing—A. M. Trull.
Watches—H. Cole.
Non-Resident Taxes—Oxford.
Notice of Foreclosure.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Haying commenced July 1st.

Hottest yet—last day of June.

Bass Island is a live place now.

G. A. Gunn of Lynn, Mass., is in town.

C. H. Witt's barn is covered and shingled.

Abbott claims to have the best 4th of July cigars in town.

Minnie Midge is on the wave, E. H. Woodman Captain.

Professor Bergman, the spectacle man, was in town Saturday.

July 1st—Black bass are very plenty on the street to-day, and cheap.

Freeland Howe has put up another sign which caps the climax, and is very ornamental.

J. W. Parsons, formerly of this town and now of Auburn, was in town the first of the week.

Deacon Osgood Perry has so far recovered from his injuries as to be able to ride to the village Saturday.

Money saved and health obtained by taking the "C. F." Atwood Medicine. Always bears red trade mark "C. F."

The Norway Grange propose to celebrate the 4th with a Harvest Feast in the Grange Hall, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m.

Veterans who inherit the spirit '76 and '61 will be expected to appear in the parade on the 4th.

If any one gets dry the 4th, there is nothing quite so dry as the Ginger Ale for a hot day. It has it, with lemonade and cold drinks.

L. L. Howard claims championship on early peas this season. He claims to have planted not earlier than usual, yet dried off a bushel picked from his vines on the 29th ult.

John F. Allen has in stock more than fifty different styles of ladies' shoes, boots, slippers and everything, so that one can hardly call for anything he has not got in the line of boots and shoes.

These things that are growing around nights cutting up and acting so cunning, will get caught at it by and by, and then they may have a chance to get sober and it may not seem quite so cunning then.

S. A. Stevens has shown us a map of the first settled part of Norway, giving the original trails, the first roads and the first settlements and the names and date of the same, all of which will be very valuable as matter for the coming history of the town.

Big fish stories are now in order. We hear of parties who have been feeding the Bass upon frogs the past month in certain localities on the pond, for the purpose of a big haul and a big yarn to relate the first day of the campaign.

At the election of officers of the Norway Reform Club the last Thursday in June, the following persons were elected for the next term: E. C. Brown, President; J. A. Brown, Vice President; Dennis Pike, 2d Vice Pres.; A. J. Brown, Financial Secretary; Chas. Cate, Recording Secretary; E. H. Brown, Treasurer.

The Rev. Chas. F. Piper, formerly of Pittsfield, N. H., but now of Wakefield, R. I., writes: "My wife had been an invalid for years, but Dexter's Mandrake Bitters cured her." N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir always cures coughs, colds and consumption, when taken in season. Henry & Johnson's Anemia and Oil Liniment for strains, bruises, colds, swellings, old sores, etc., is excellent.

Little Della Blanche Weston came running to her mamma one day saying, "Oh, mamma, do come out and see what I have found. I never saw anything like it before." On being asked if it moved she said "no, but it looks just like soap." Upon which she seized the dustpan and ran to bring the curiosity. She returned with quite a large mud turtle which she placed upon the piazza in great triumph. When told it would bite terribly she turned her back to cry. No, last Thursday. Our two district mothers visited it, and pronounced it a success, in which we all heartily concur. Long may good old district No. 8 be blessed with advice from so able minds.

Two good district mothers, were they, who went to school on commencement day? Who was at school on commencement day? Who was at school on commencement day? The other knew nothing that could do any harm.

One rode to school with an important air. "What will she know more than any one else?"

The teacher was shocked, when she saw them coming. "What will she know more than any one else?"

"I would that a thousand supervisors would know what we know, and how to use it!"

After the classes had taken their seats, the teacher said to the pupils, "What will she know more than any one else?"

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